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October, 1803.

---

Vanguard of Liberty, ye Men of Kent,  
Ye Children of a Soil that doth advance  
It's haughty brow against the coast of France,  
Now is the time to prove your hardiment !  
To France be words of invitation sent !  
They from their Fields can see the countenance  
Of your fierce war, may ken the glittering lance,  
And hear you shouting forth your brave intent.  
Left single, in bold parley, Ye, of yore,  
Did from the Norman win a gallant wreath ;  
Confirm'd the charters that were yours before ;  
No parleying now ! In Britain is one breath ;  
We all are with you now from Shore to Shore :—  
Ye Men of Kent, 'tis Victory or Death !

## 24.

October, 1803.

---

Six thousand Veterans practis'd in War's game,  
Tried Men, at Killicranky were array'd  
Against an equal Host that wore the Plaid,  
Shepherds and Herdsmen.—Like a whirlwind came  
The Highlanders, the slaughter spread like flame ;  
And Garry thundering down his mountain-road  
Was stopp'd, and could not breathe beneath the load  
Of the dead bodies. 'Twas a day of shame  
For them whom precept and the pedantry  
Of cold mechanic battle do enslave.  
Oh ! for a single hour of that Dundee  
Who on that day the word of onset gave !  
Like conquest would the Men of England see ;  
And her Foes find a like inglorious Grave.

*ANTICIPATION.*

October, 1803.

26.

November, 1806.

---

Another year !—another deadly blow !  
Another mighty Empire overthrown !  
And we are left, or shall be left, alone ;  
The last that dares to struggle with the Foe.  
'Tis well ! from this day forward we shall know  
That in ourselves our safety must be sought ;  
That by our own right hands it must be wrought,  
That we must stand unpropp'd, or be laid low.  
O Dastard whom such foretaste doth not chear !  
We shall exult, if They who rule the land  
Be Men who hold its many blessings dear,  
Wise, upright, valiant ; not a venal Band,  
Who are to judge of danger which they fear,  
And honour which they do not understand.

**N O T E S**  
*to the*  
**F I R S T V O L U M E.**



## NOTES.

---

### NOTE I.

PAGE 1 (9).—*To the Daisy.* This Poem, and two others to the same Flower, which the

ing him in the words of the Father of English Poets.

‘ Though it happe me to rehersin—  
 ‘ That

heard it also related of the Hall of Hutton John an antient residence of the Huddlestons, in a sequestered Valley upon the River Dacor.

## NOTE IV.

PAGE 58 (64).—*The Seven Sisters*. The Story of this Poem is from the German of FREDERICA BRUN.

## NOTE V.

PAGE 63 (71); line 6.—

“ . . . . . that thy Boat

May rather seem

To brood on air,” &c. &c.

See Carver's Description of his Situation upon one of the Lakes of America.

## NOTE VI.

PAGE 112 (120): line 8.—“ Her tackling rich, and of apparel high.” From a passage in

Skelton, which I cannot here insert, not having the Book at hand.

## NOTE VII.

PAGE 150 (158); line 11.—“ Oh ! for a single hour of that Dundee.” See an anecdote related in Mr. Scott’s Border Minstrelsy.

## NOTE VIII.

PAGE 152 (160); lines 13 and 14.—

“ Who are to judge of danger which they fear  
And honour which they do not understand.”

These two lines from Lord Brooke’s Life of Sir Philip Sydney.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

---

*Wood & Innes,  
Printers, Poppin’s Court, Fleet Street.*

# POEMS.

*Wood & Innes,  
Printers, Poppin's Court, Fleet Street.*

# P O E M S,

IN

TWO VOLUMES,

BY

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH,

AUTHOR OF

*THE LYRICAL BALLADS.*

*Posterius graviore sono tibi Musa loquetur*

*Nostra: dabunt cum securos mihi tempora fructus.*

VOL. II.

L O N D O N :

PRINTED FOR LONGMAN, HURST, REES, AND ORME,  
PATERNOSTER-ROW.

1807.



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**POEMS**  
*WRITTEN DURING A TOUR*  
**IN**  
**SCOTLAND.**



## ROB ROY's GRAVE.

---

The History of Rob Roy is sufficiently known ; his Grave is near the head of Loch Ketterine, in one of those small Pin-fold-like Burial-grounds, of neglected and desolate appearance, which the Traveller meets with in the Highlands of Scotland.

</

Yet was Rob Roy as *wise* as brave ;  
 Forgive me if the phrase be strong ;—  
 A Poet worthy of Rob Roy  
     Must scorn a timid song.

“ And, puzzled, blinded thus, we lose  
 “ Distinctions that are plain and few : 30  
 “ These find I graven on my heart :  
     “ *That* tells me what to do.

“ All freakishness of mind is check’d ;

“ He tam’d, who foolishly aspires ;

So was it—*would*, at least, have been  
 But through untowardness of fate :  
 For Polity was then too strong ;  
     He came an age too late,

And to his Sword he would have said,

“ Do Thou my sovereign will enact

And, if the word had been fulfill'd,  
 As *might* have been, then, thought of joy!  
 France would have had her present Boast;  
     And we our brave Rob Roy!

For Robin was the poor Man's stay  
 The poor man's heart, the poor man's hand ;      110  
 And all the oppress'd, who wanted strength,  
     Had Robin's to command.

Bear witness many a pensive sigh  
 Of thoughtful Herdsman when he strays  
 Alone upon Loch Veol's Heights,  
     And by Loch Lomond's Braes !

And, far and near, through vale and hill,  
 Are faces that attest the same ;  
 And kindle, like a fire new stirr'd,  
     At sound of ROB ROY's name.      120

## 2.

*THE SOLITARY REAPER.*

No Nightingale did ever chaunt  
 So sweetly to reposing bands 10  
 Of Travellers in some shady haunt,  
 Among Arabian Sands :  
 No sweeter voice was ever

Whate'er the theme, the Maiden sung  
As if her song could have no ending ;  
I saw her singing at her work,  
And o'er the sickle bending ;  
I listen'd till I had my fill :  
And, as I mounted up the hill.  
The music in my heart I bore,  
Long after it was heard no more.

## 3.

*STEPPING WESTWARD.*

The dewy ground was dark and cold ;  
 Behind, all gloomy to behold ;  
 And stepping westward seem'd to be  
 A kind of *heavenly* destiny ;

## 4.

*GLEN - A L M A I N,*



## 5.

*THE MATRON OF JEDBOROUGH AND  
HER HUSBAND.*

---

Nay ! start not at that Figure—there !  
 Him who is rooted to his chair !  
 Look at him—look again ! for He  
 Hath long been of thy Family.  
 With legs that move not, if they can,



Ah ! see her helpless Charge ! enclos'd  
 Within himself, as seems ; compos'd ;  
 To fear of loss, and hope of gain, 50  
 The strife of happiness and pain,  
 Utterly dead !











In spots like these it is we prize  
Our Memory, feel that she hath eyes :  
Then, why should I be loth to stir ?  
I feel this place was made for her ;  
To give new pleasure like the past,  
Continued long as life shall last.  
Nor am I



## ADDRESS

*TO THE SONS OF BURNS*

For honest men delight will take  
To shew you favor for his sake,  
Will flatter you ; and Fool and Rake  
Your steps pursue :  
And of your Father's name will make  
A snare for you.













# MOODS OF MY OWN MIND.



## 1.

*TO A BUTTERFLY.*

Oh ! pleasant, pleasant were the days, 10  
The time, when in our childish plays  
My sister Emmeline and I  
Together chased the Butterfly !  
A very hunter did I rush  
Upon the prey :



## 3.



O Nightingale !

I heard a Stockdove sing or say  
His homely tale, this very day.  
His voice was buried among trees,  
Yet to be come at by the breeze :  
He did not cease ; but coo'd—and coo'd ;  
And somewhat pensively he woo'd :  
He sang

## 4.

---

My heart leaps up when I behold  
A Rainbow in the sky :  
So was it when my life began ;  
So is it now I am a

## 5.

*WRITTEN IN MARCH,*







## 7.

---

I wandered lonely as a Cloud  
That floats on high o'er Vales and Hills,  
When all at once I saw a crowd  
A host of dancing Daffodills ;  
Along the Lake





I ask'd—'twas whisper'd, The device  
To each or all might well belong.  
It is the Spirit of Paradise  
That prompts such work, a Spirit strong,  
That gives to all the self-same bent  
Where life is wise and innocent.









































































































































































































































































































































































































































































































































